

# CANDY

I.C.D.  
10

52

BIG FULL WIDTH  
PAGES

DOGGONE IT, CANDY,  
YOUR BEGINNER'S LUCK  
WOULD HAVE TO SHOW  
UP TODAY!

OCTOBER No. 18 10c



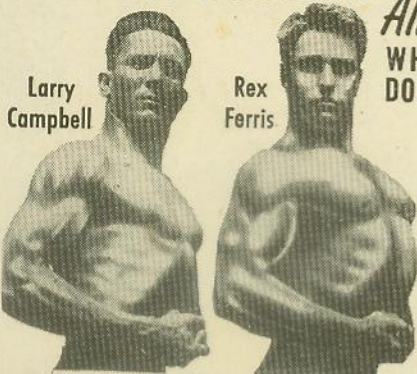




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" **HE-MAN** at Home



Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

**AMAZING**  
get acquainted offer!  
Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses  
**YOUR LAST CHANCE** only **10c**  
Instead of \$1.00  
plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an **"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**

**FAST**—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

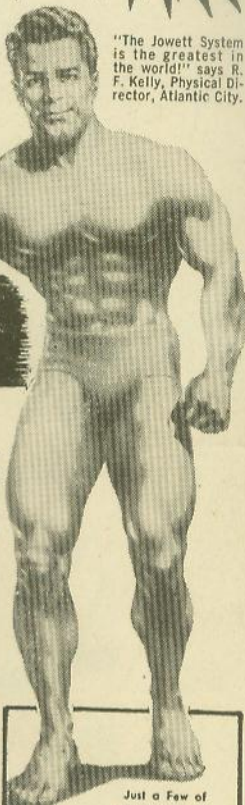
**10 DAY TRIAL!**

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

**FREE!** Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
Dept. Q-010 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body plus many other world records!



**FREE GIFT COUPON!**

DEPT. Q-010

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett  
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses: 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Holding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ NO C.O.D.'s  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

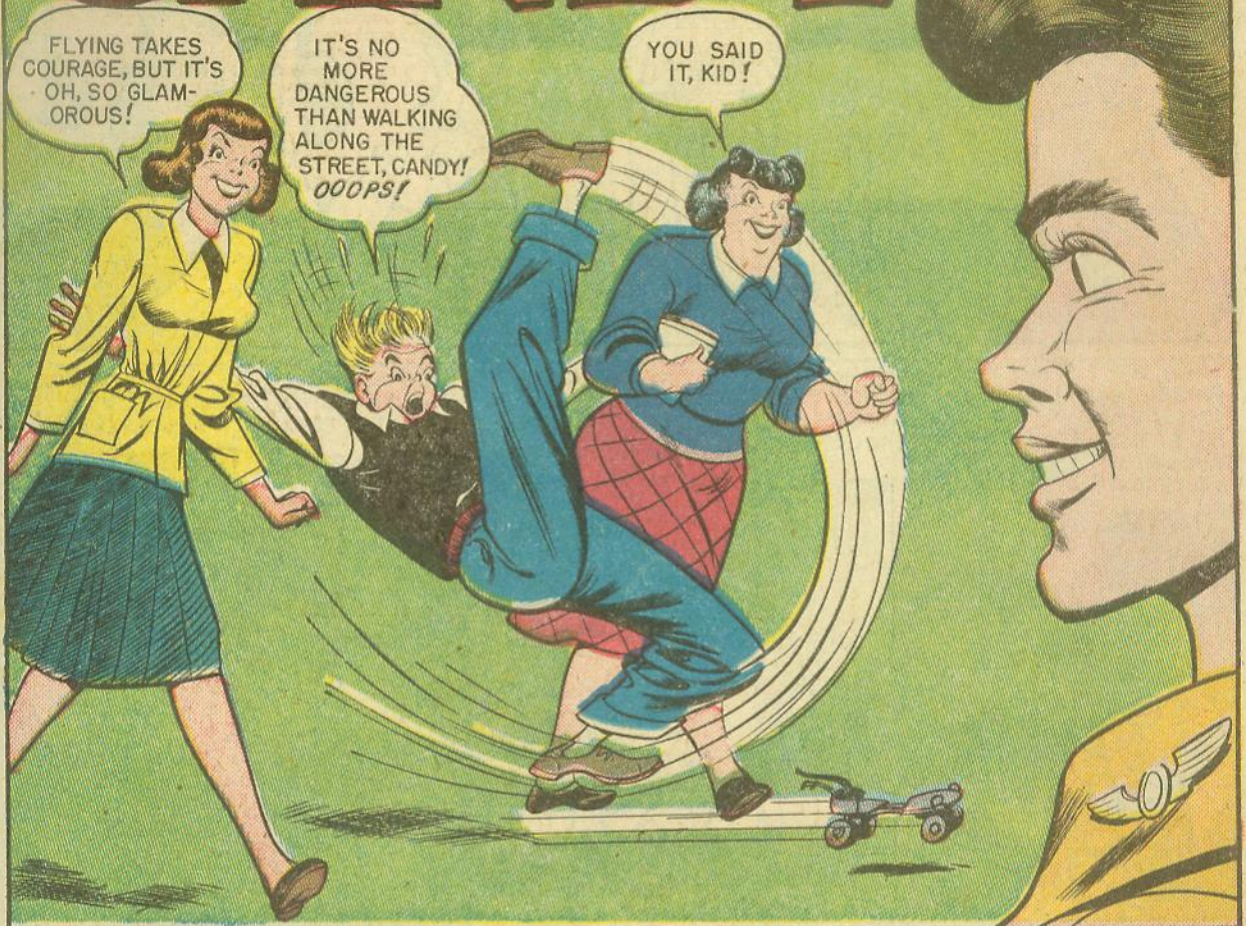
I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each), Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c Packed with HOW-TO DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept Q-010 New York 1, N. Y.



# CANDY



HELLO, TINA! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FINALLY TURNED YOUR BACK ON DOUBLE-DIP SODAS!

I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND, CANDY! JUST STAND WITH ME AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!

WHAT'S UP?

JUST FEAST YOUR EYES ON THAT DREAM COMING DOWN THE STREET! OHHHH! THAT MAN GIVES MY HEART A DEFINITE LIFT!





CANDY





LISTEN TO THIS! "COME ONE, COME ALL TO HARTWICK HIGH, TO SEE YOUR DREAM FALL OUT OF THE SKY! IF YOU WANT TO BANISH SORROW, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE WORLD OF TOMORROW!" AND IT'S SIGNED...SKY JONES!

STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS! NO WONDER HE'S A BIRDMAN!



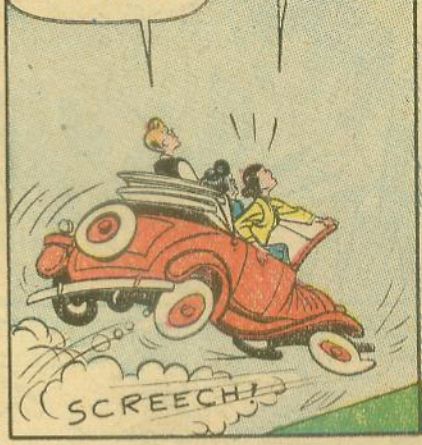
IT SAYS ALL THIS WILL TAKE PLACE AT THREE O'CLOCK! SO WE HAVE AN HOUR FOR A DOUBLE-DIP SODA AND TO PASS OUT THE PAMPHLETS!

FRANKLY, TINA, YOU CAN PASS ME RIGHT BY!



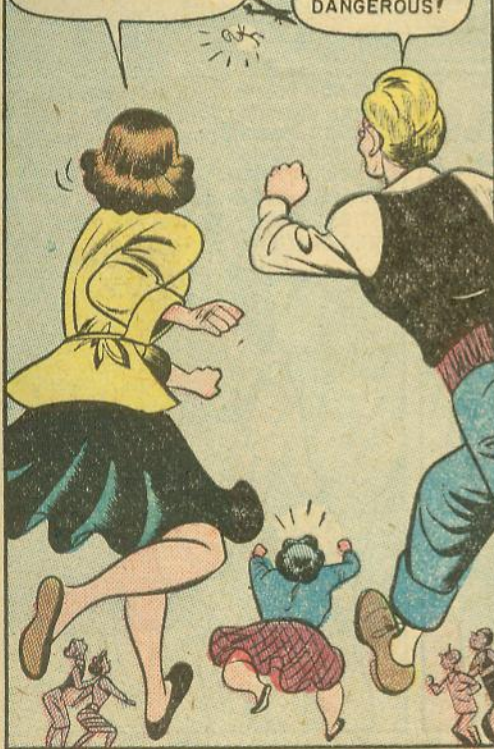
LATER, AT HARTWICK HIGH...

WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! LOOKS LIKE SKY IS STEPPING OUT OF THE PLANE! IT'LL BE A LONG FIRST STEP, PALLY!



HE'S MAKING A PARACHUTE JUMP, TINA! HE CERTAINLY LIVES DANGEROUSLY!

IN MY BOOK, JUST LOOKING LIKE THAT GUY IS DANGEROUS!



THE PAMPHLETS MADE THEM COME AND THE JUMP'S GOT THEM INTERESTED! NOW IF I CAN ONLY SIGN THEM UP FOR A FLYING COURSE...



HE'S THE MOST GLAMOROUS MAN I'VE EVER SEEN! AND IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR HIM!

THESE BOYS JUST MAKE IT LOOK HARD!

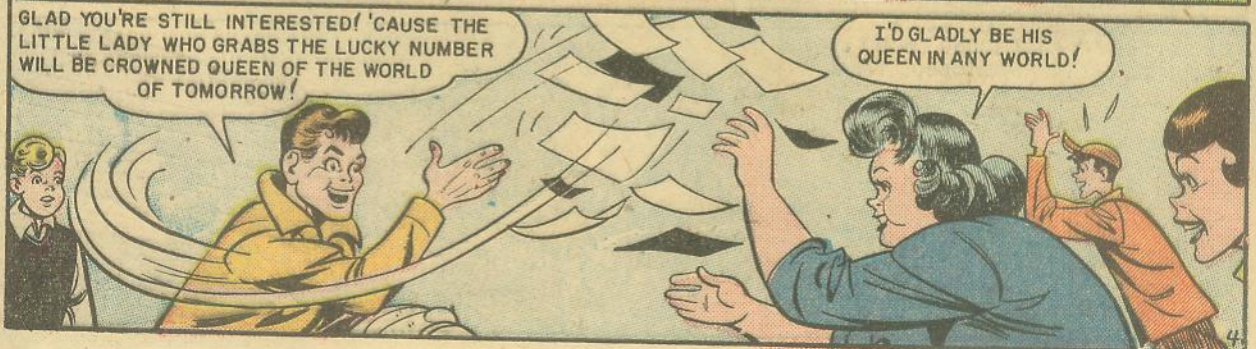
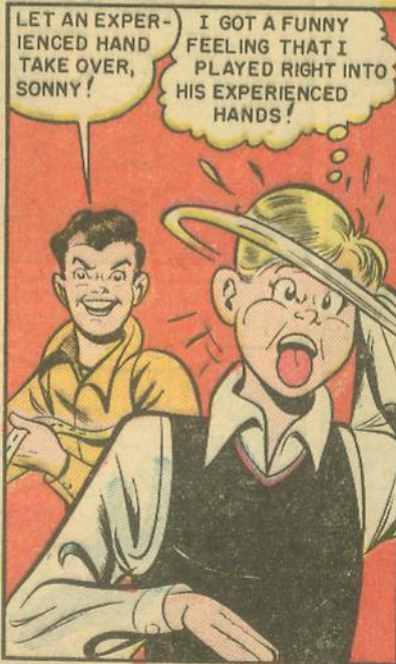
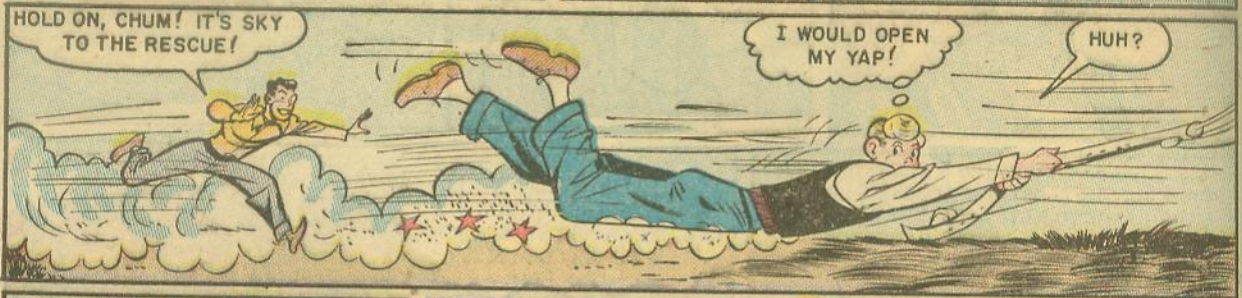
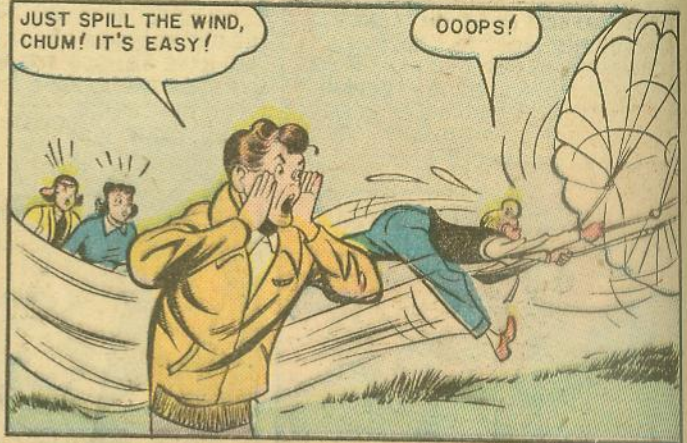


I'D BETTER FIX THAT YOUNG CHUM'S LITTLE WAGON BEFORE HE RUINS A GOOD THING FOR ME!



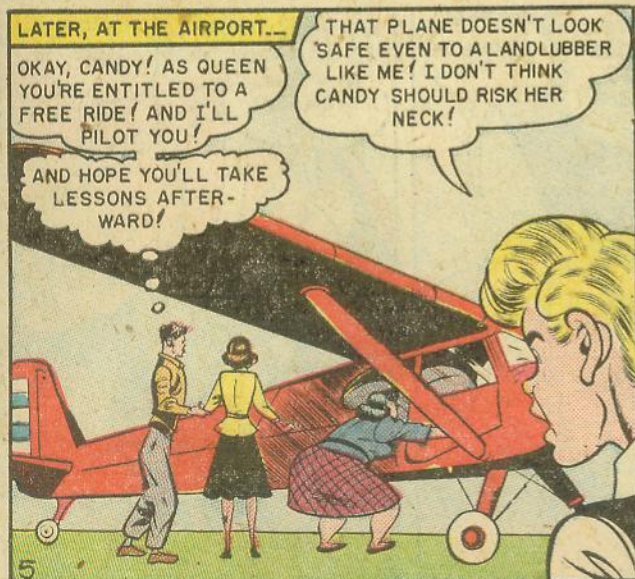


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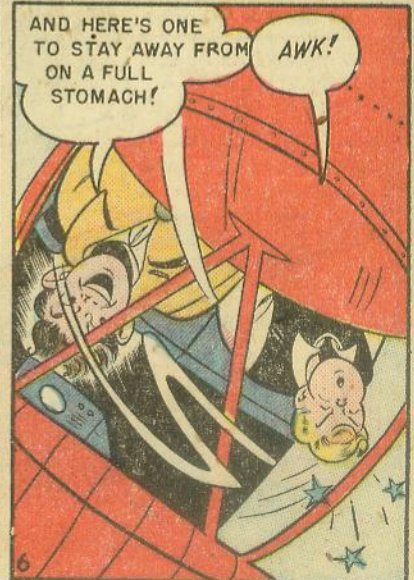
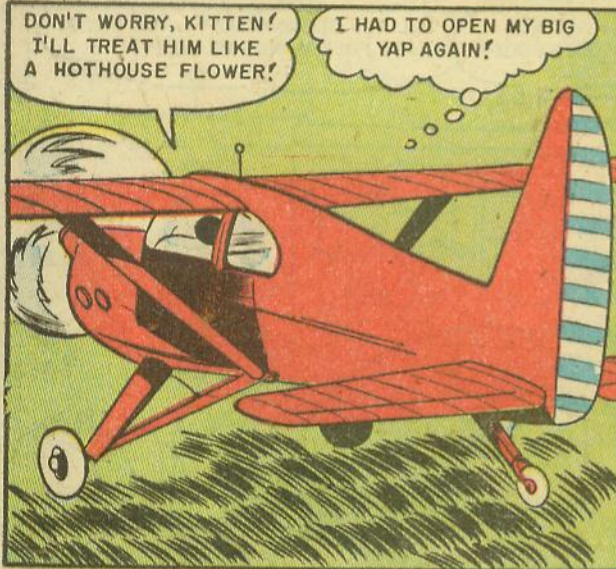
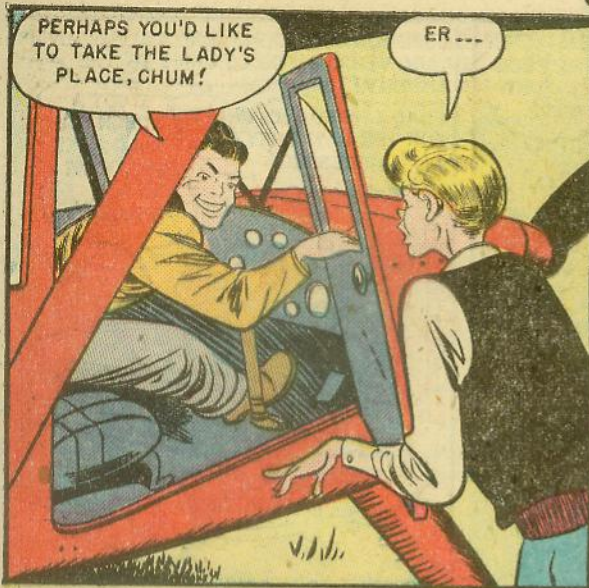




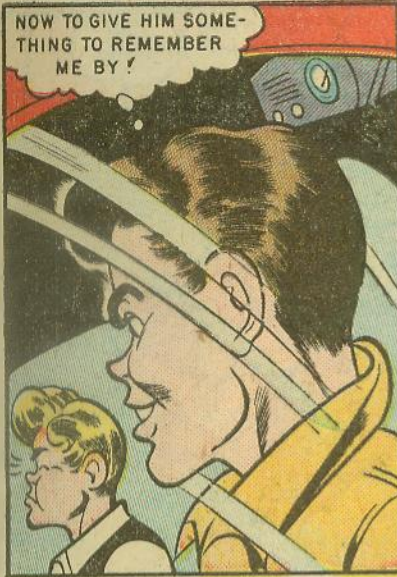
# CANDY











NOW TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!



I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I'VE BLACKED OUT!

HUH?

OHHH!

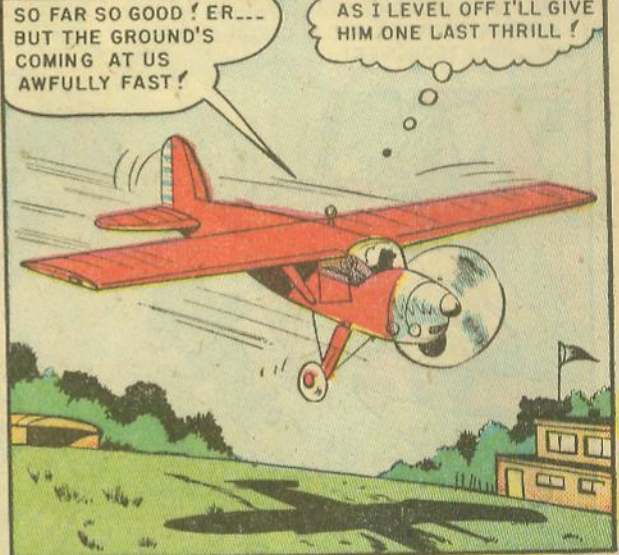


SNAP OUT OF IT, SON! OR THIS PLANE WILL SNAP IN A THOUSAND PIECES!



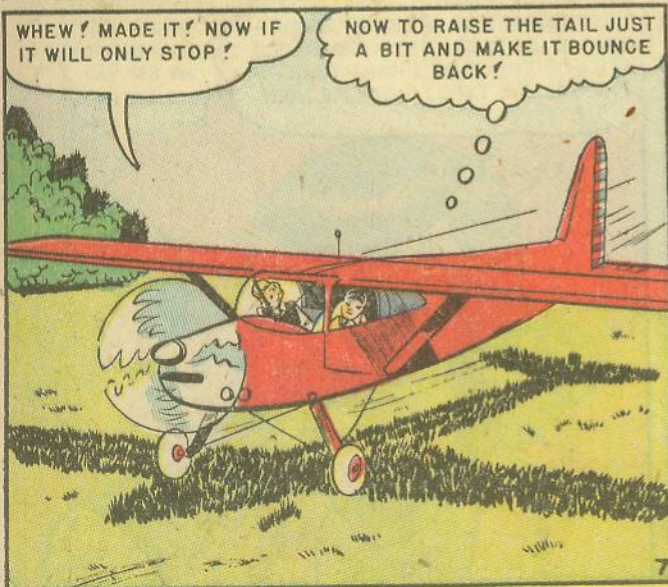
MAYBE I CAN FLY IT! BUT ONE MISTAKE AND I DON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE!

HE REALLY THINKS HE'S FLYING THIS BABY! HE DOESN'T KNOW THOSE CONTROLS ARE DUMMIES!



SO FAR SO GOOD! ER... BUT THE GROUND'S COMING AT US AWFULLY FAST!

AS I LEVEL OFF I'LL GIVE HIM ONE LAST THRILL!



WHEW! MADE IT! NOW IF IT WILL ONLY STOP!

NOW TO RAISE THE TAIL JUST A BIT AND MAKE IT BOUNCE BACK!

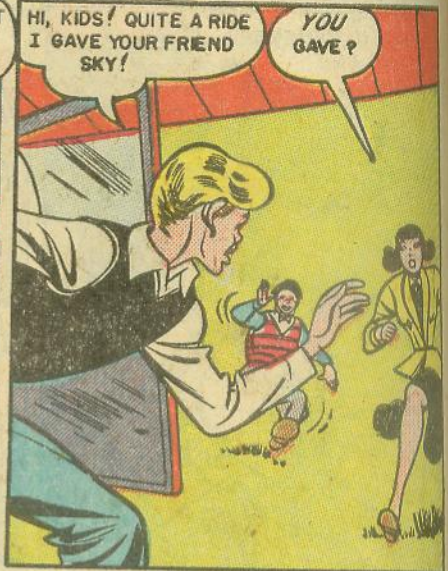


OOOF!

I'VE SCARED HIM ENOUGH! SO I'LL STOP THE PLANE!

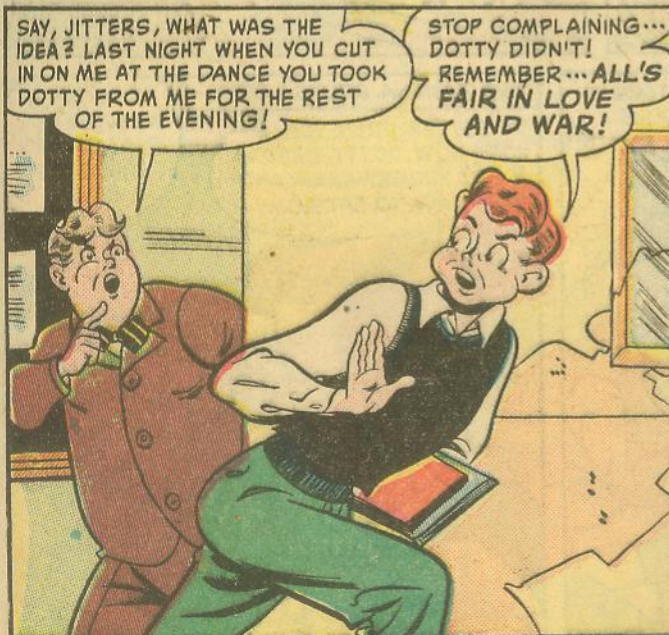
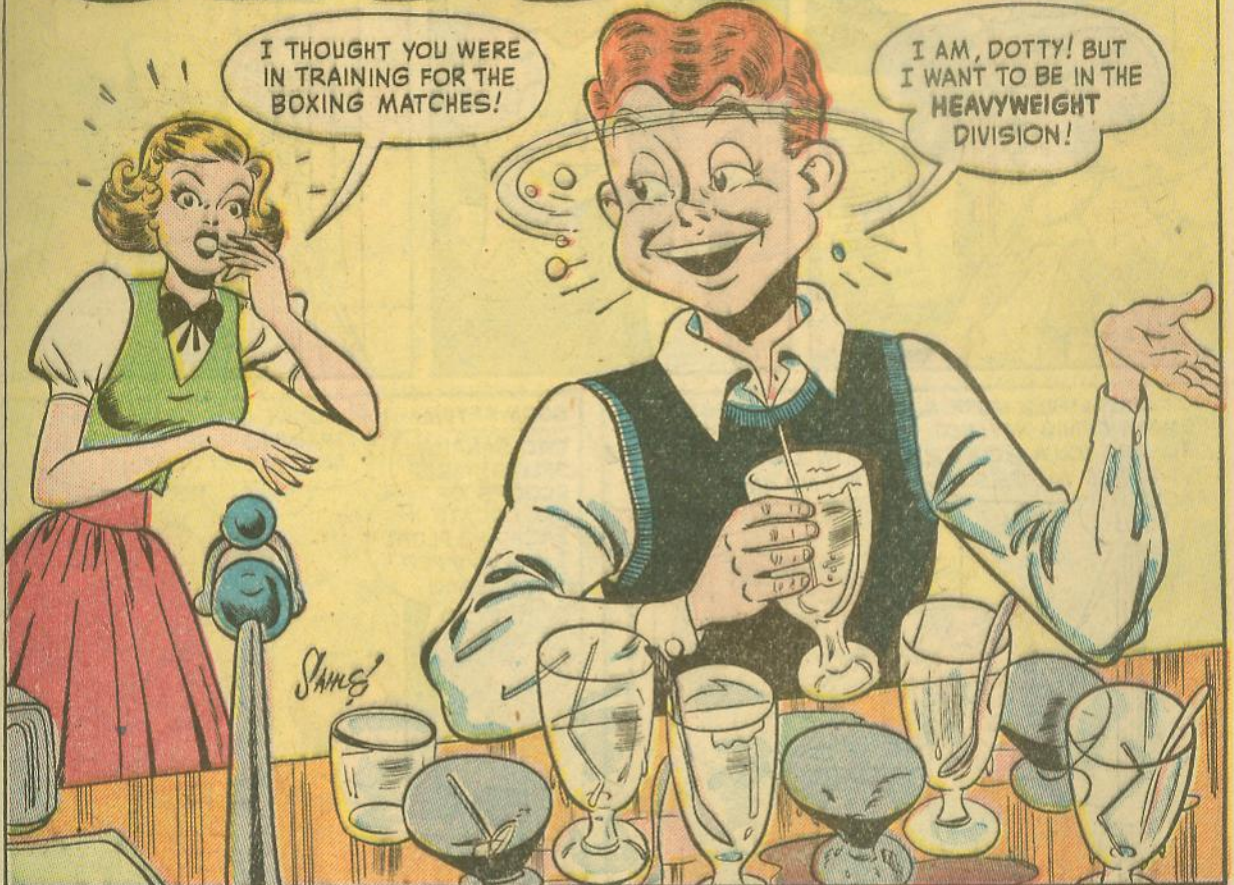


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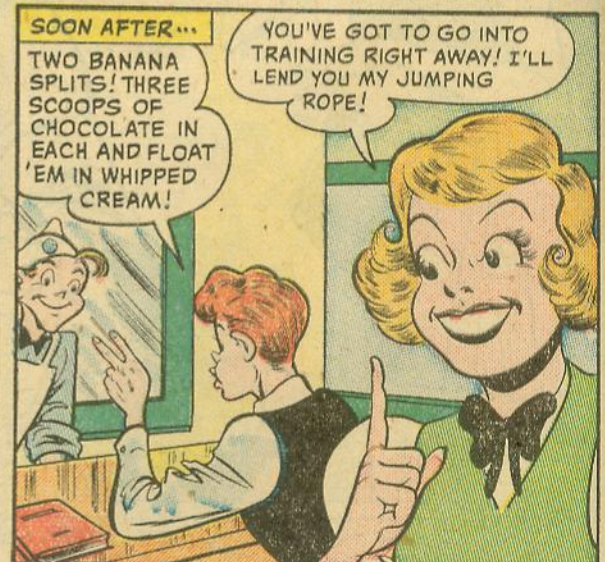
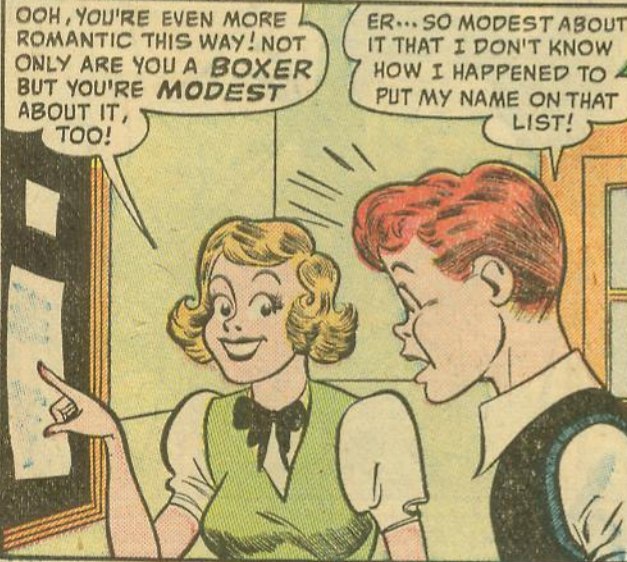


# Jitters

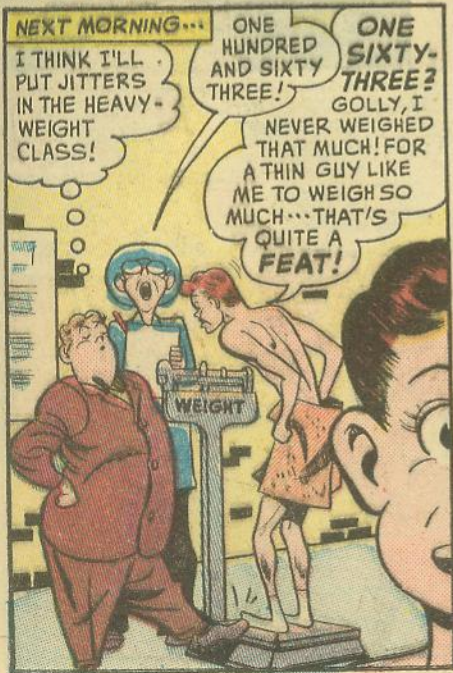
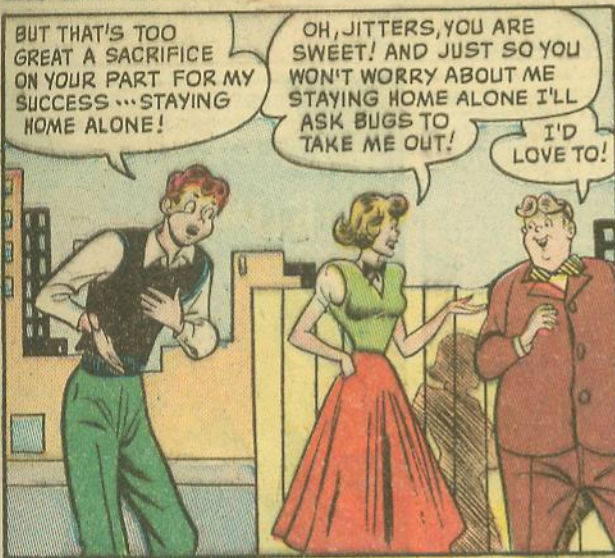
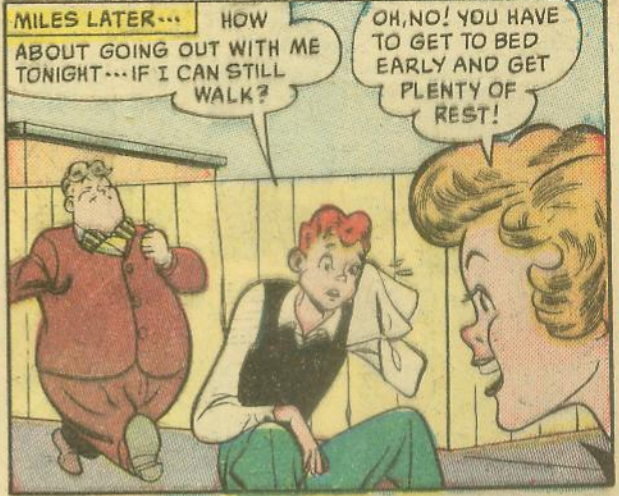
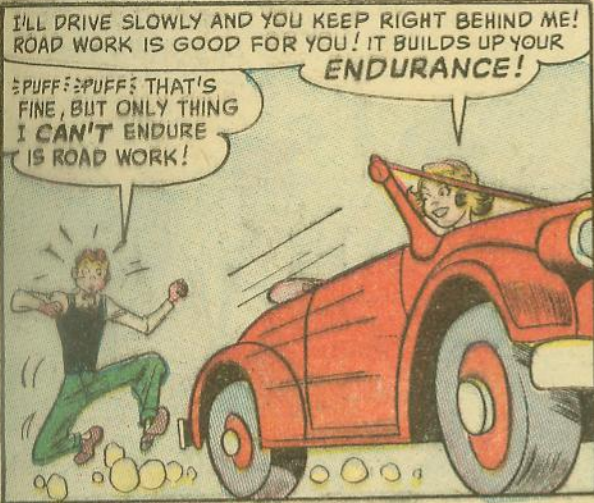




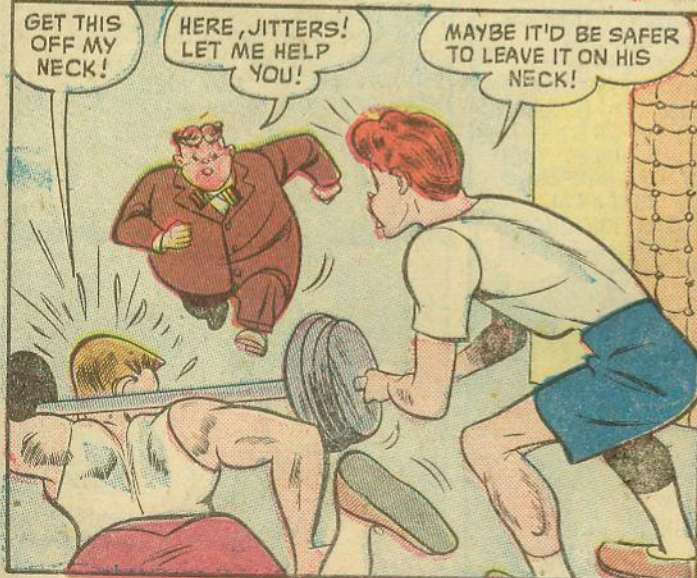
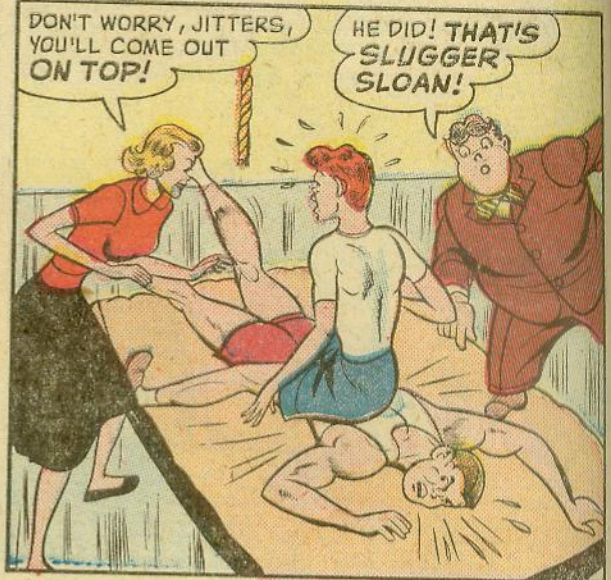
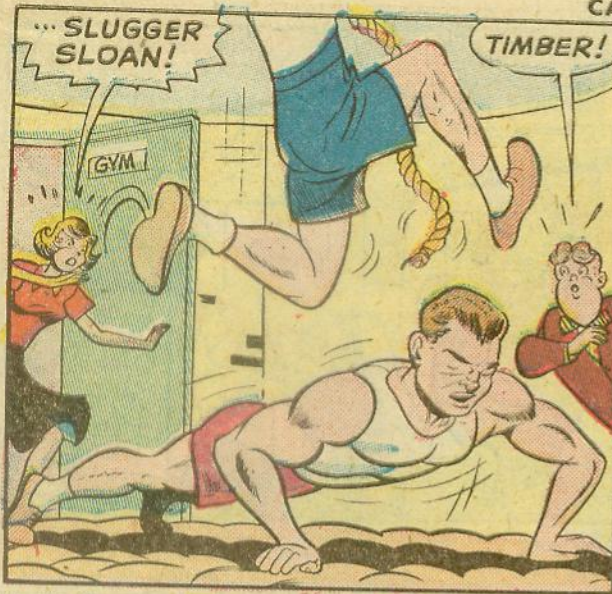
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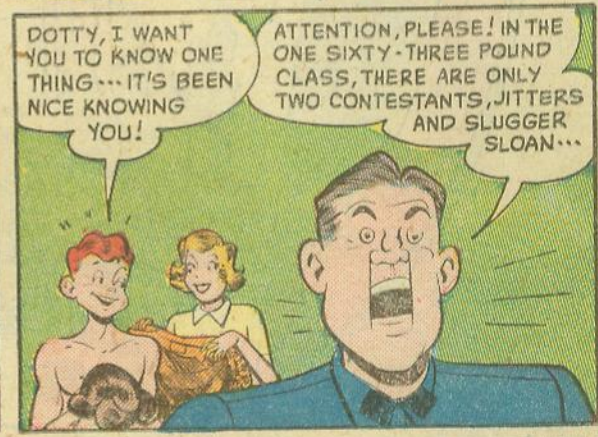
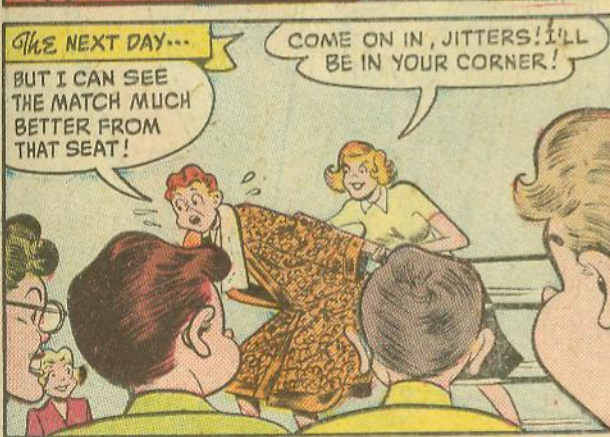
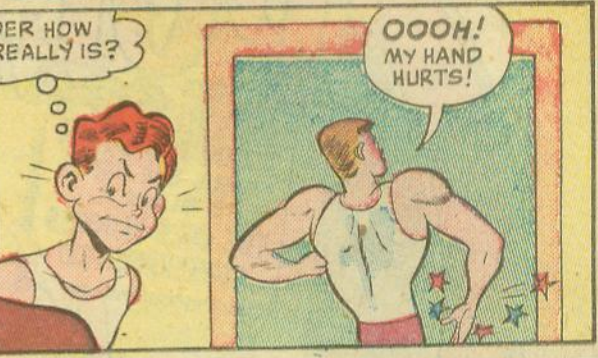
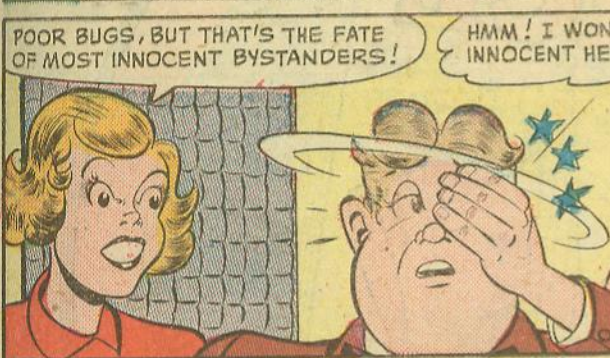
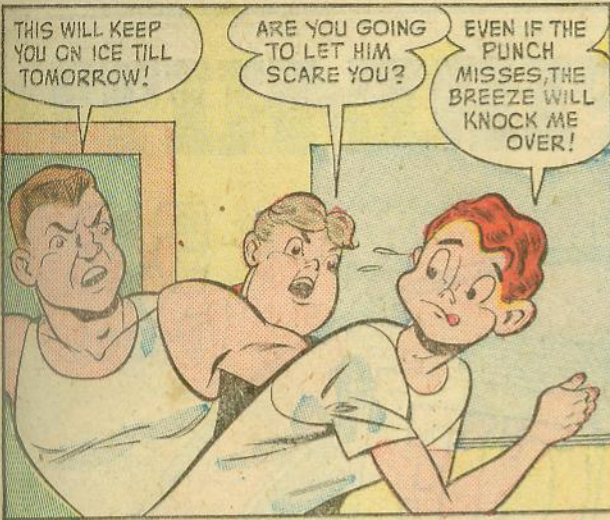














# A SURE-FIRE HIT!

The October issue of

**52**  
Pages



*In this issue-*

## PLASTIC MAN

*In the case of The  
COLD-BLOODED COUNTERFEITER!*

## THE SPIRIT

FAMED CRIME FIGHTER!

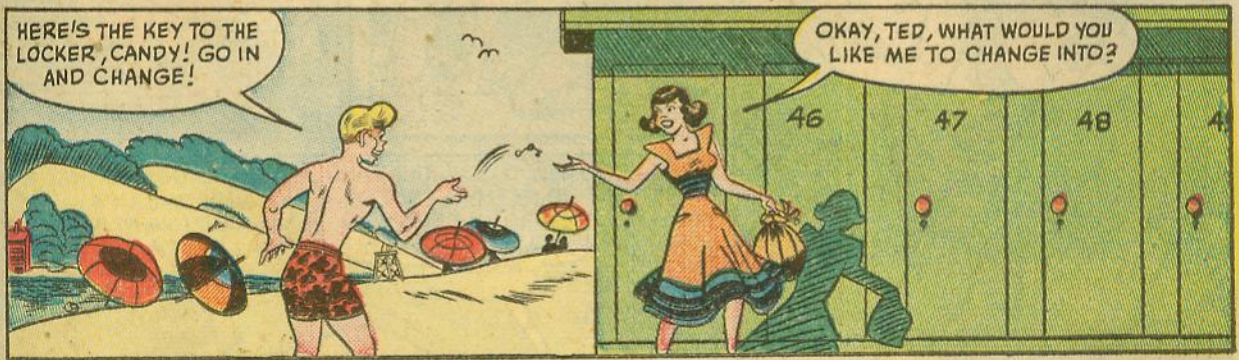
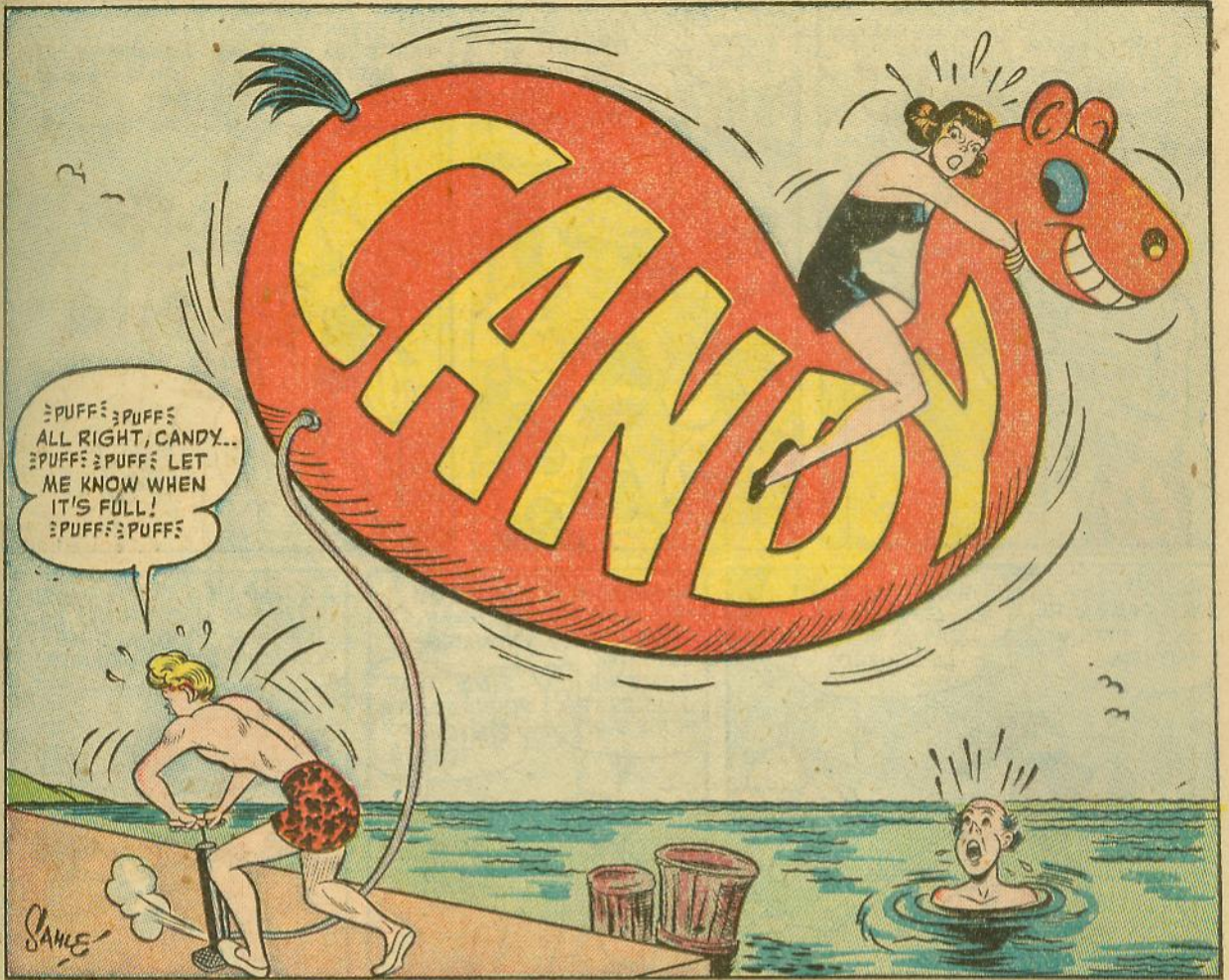
## THE COP THEY COULDN'T LICK

TWO FISTED DEALER OF JUSTICE!

## JEB RIVERS

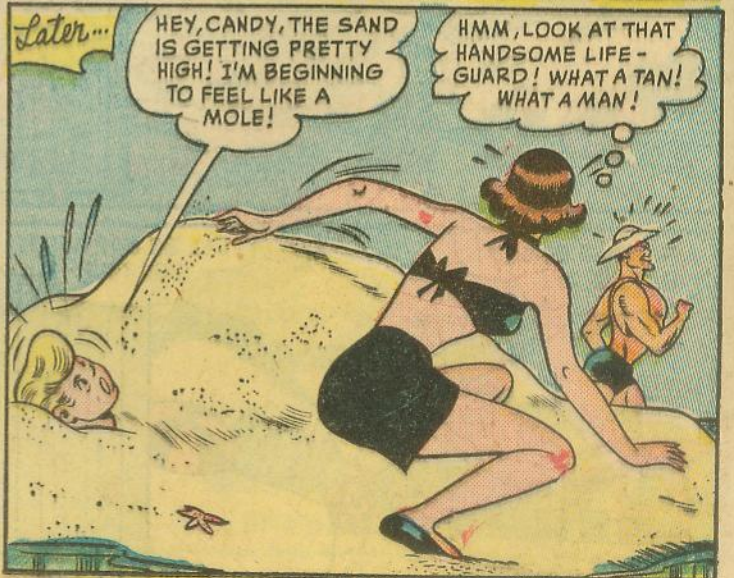
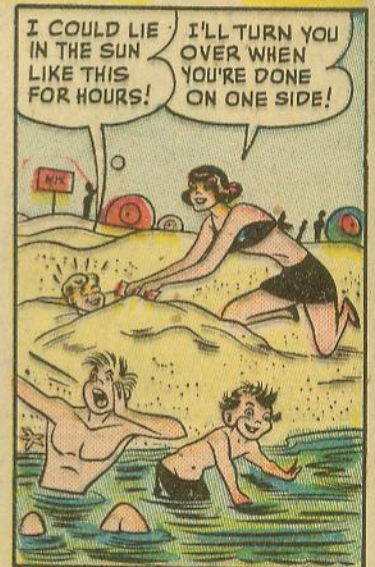
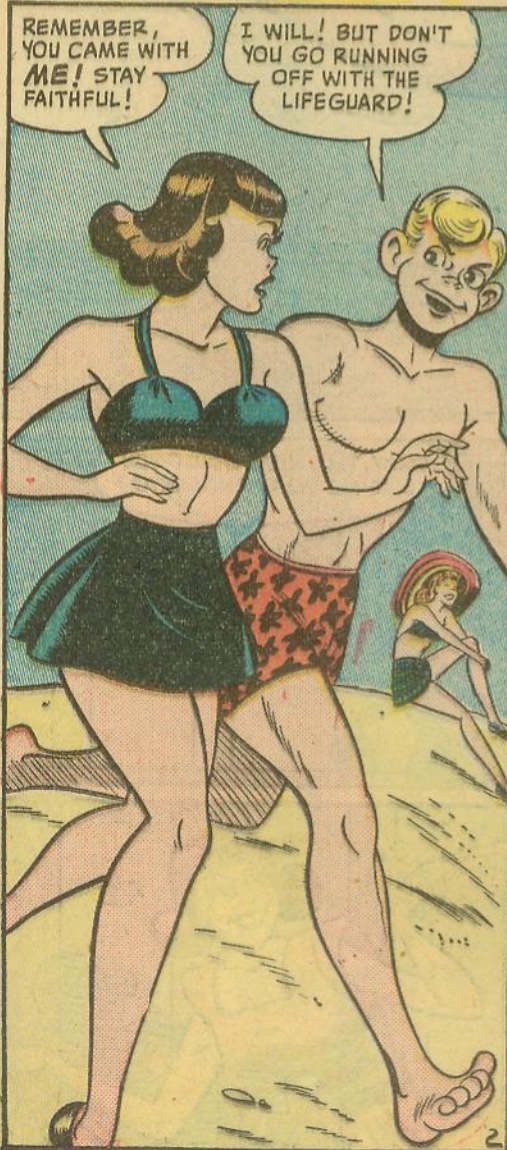
ADVENTURE ON THE MISSISSIPPI!





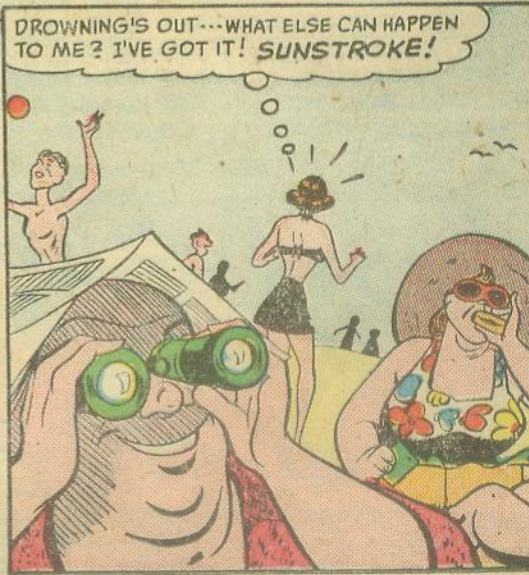
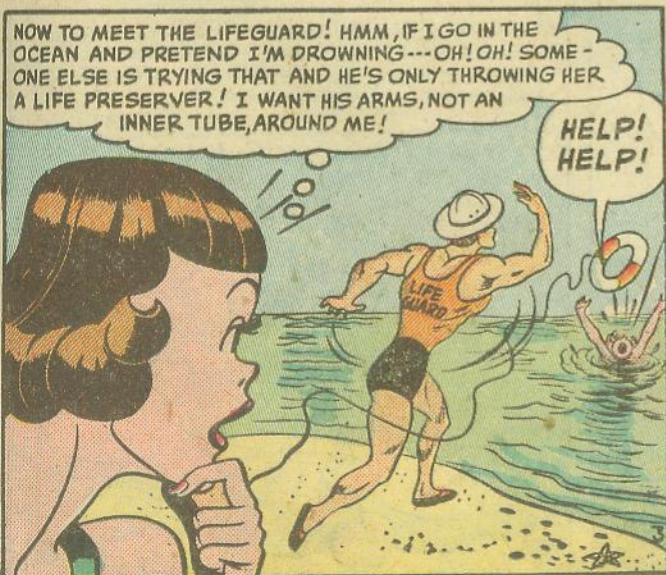
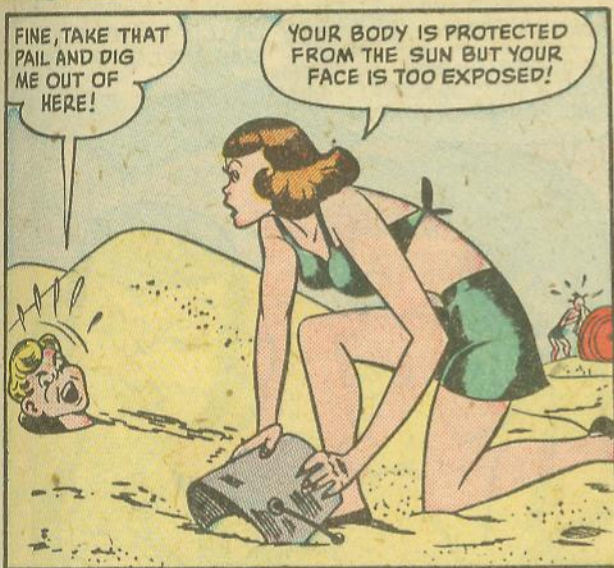


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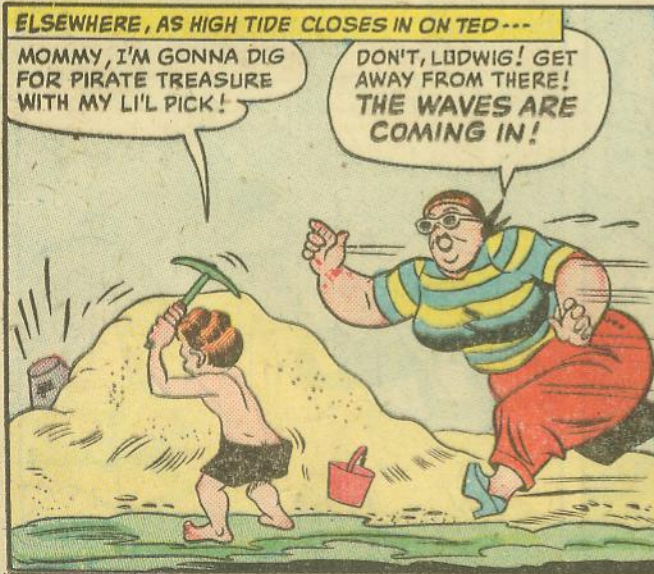


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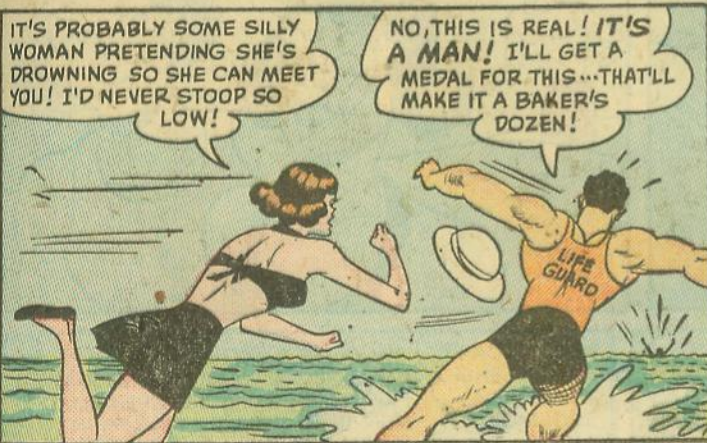
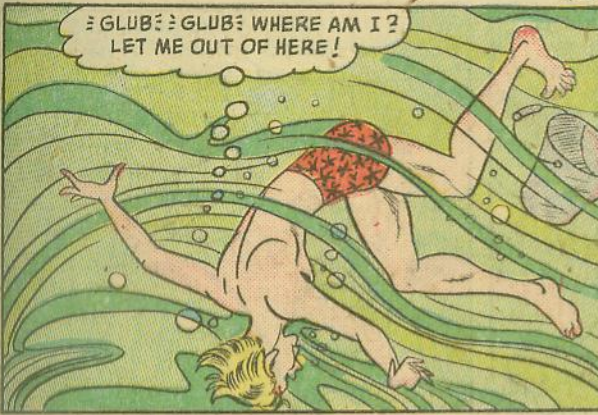




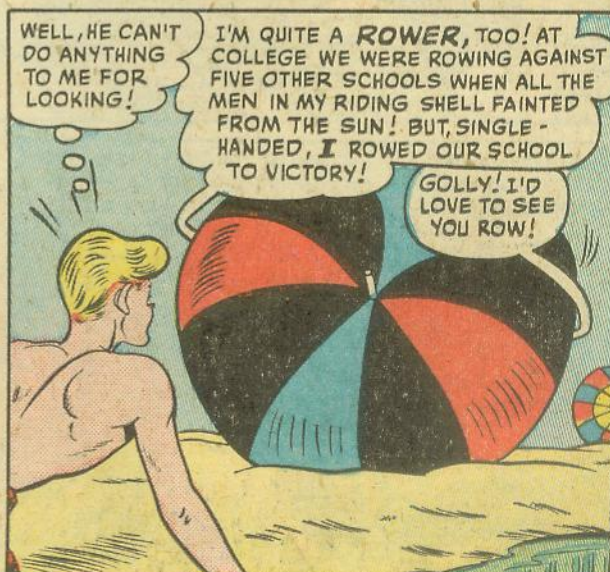
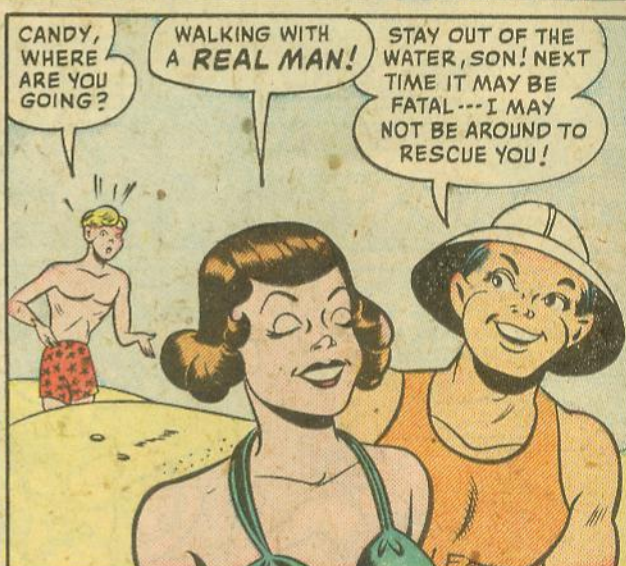
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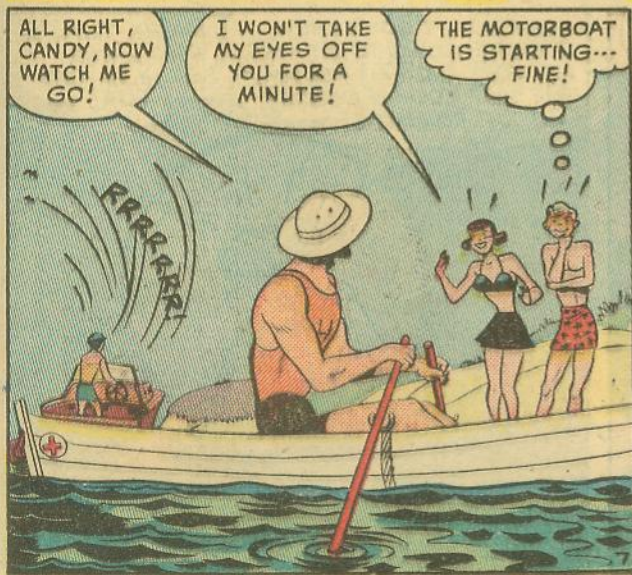
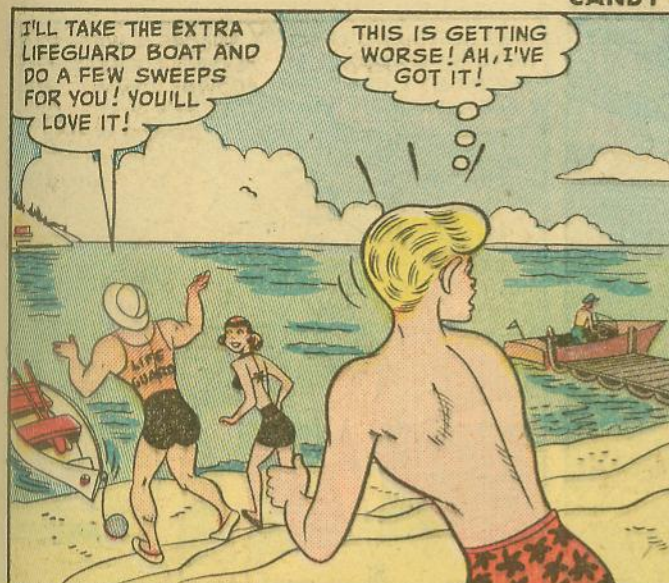




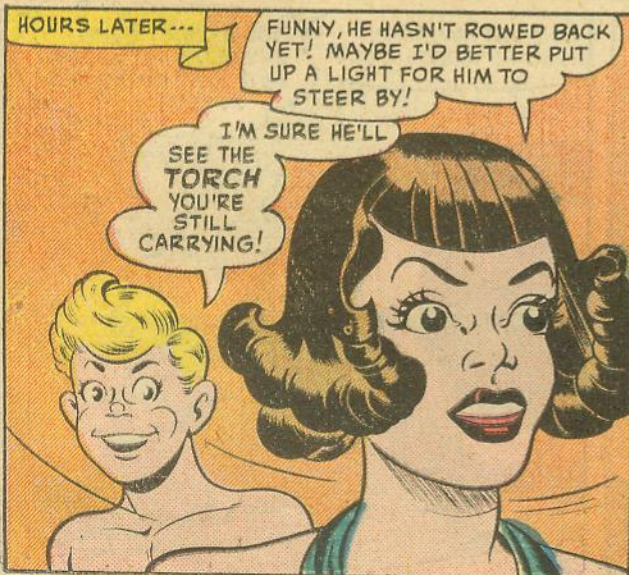
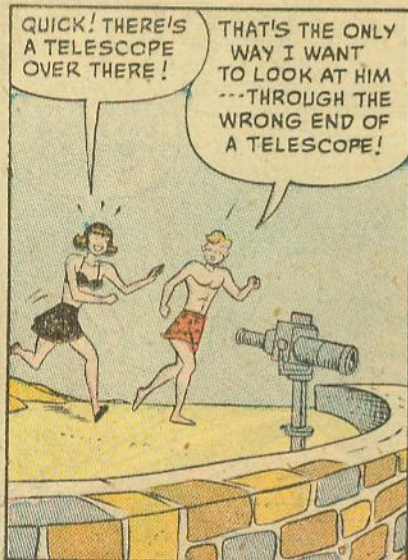
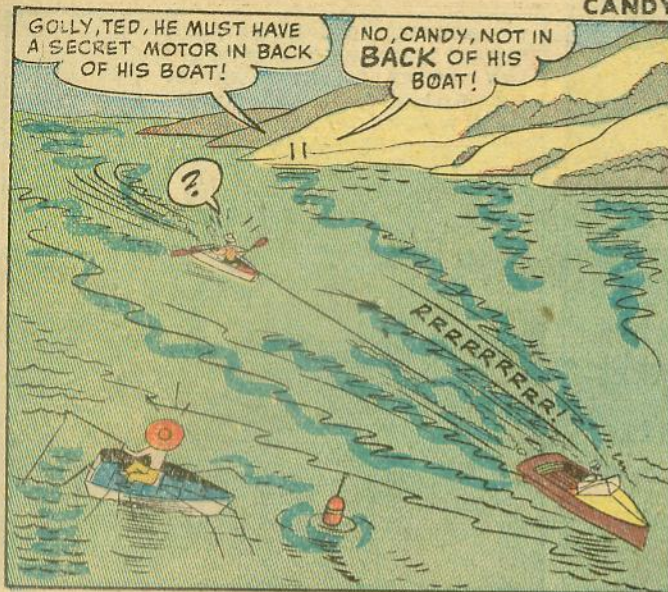










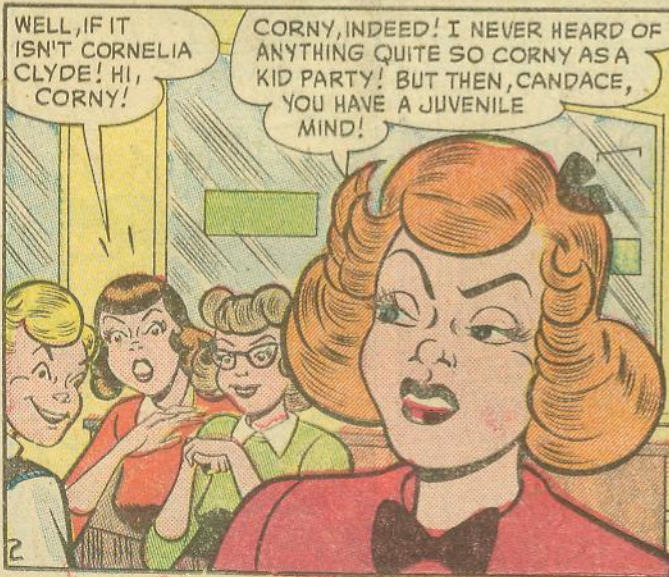




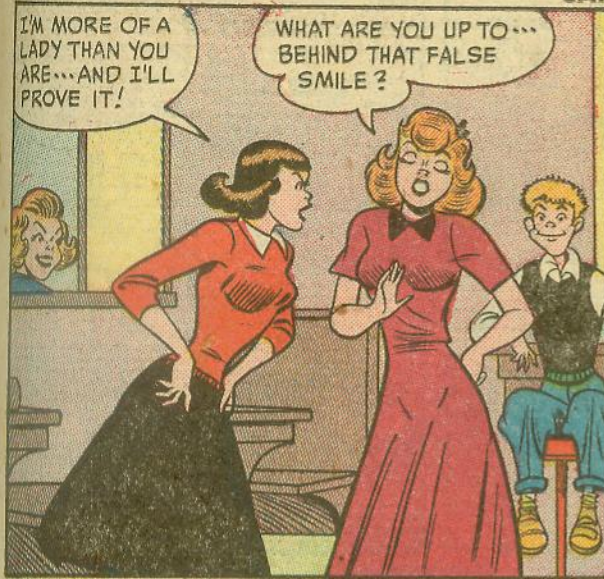
# CANDY

















CANDY, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU INVITED...

I DIDN'T! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! BUT AS LONG AS THEY'RE HERE...



YOU'D BETTER GO TO THE STORE FOR MORE COKES AND HOT DOGS...AND GET SOME SODA POP AND HOT DOGS AND DIXIE CUPS AND CUP CAKES AND CANDY AND...

OH! THIS WASN'T GOING TO COST TOO MUCH! COME ON, TED! I SEE I'M STUCK!



TINA, TRISH, ALL OF YOU... HELP ME SERVE THESE KIDS! DADDY AND TED WILL BE RIGHT BACK WITH MORE!

I WANT ONE!

QUIT SHOVIN'! I WAS HERE FIRST!



CANDY, LOOK! HERE COME MORE!

MORE? JEEPERS, I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE SO MANY YOUNGSTERS IN HARTWICK!

YEAH! ICE CREAM!



MISS O'CONNOR, IT'S WONDERFUL OF YOU TO HAVE THESE KIDDIES FROM THE CHILDREN'S HOME! THEY'RE ALL SO EXCITED ABOUT IT!

I...ER...I'M GLAD! JUST...ER...HAVE THEM MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME!



SERVE AS LONG AS THINGS LAST! I'LL CALL THE GROCERY STORE AND TRY TO GET DADDY AND TED TO BUY MORE SUPPLIES!

MORE HOT DOGS!

OKAY! I DON'T GET IT BUT I MUST SAY THE IDEA'S DIFFERENT!



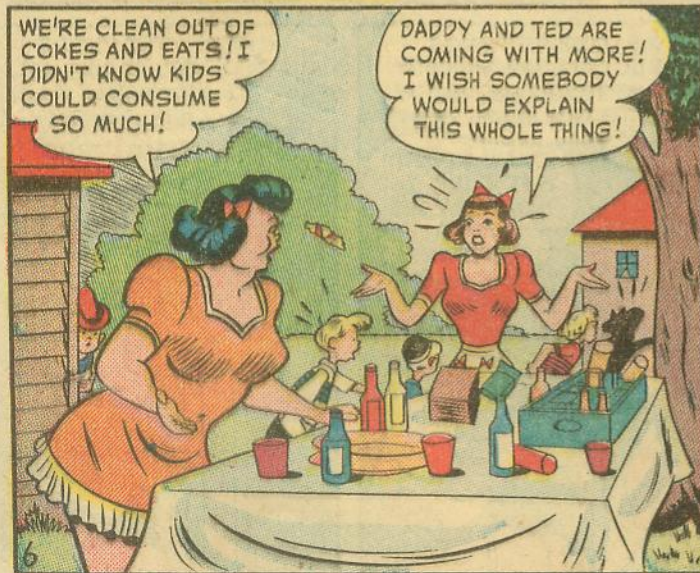
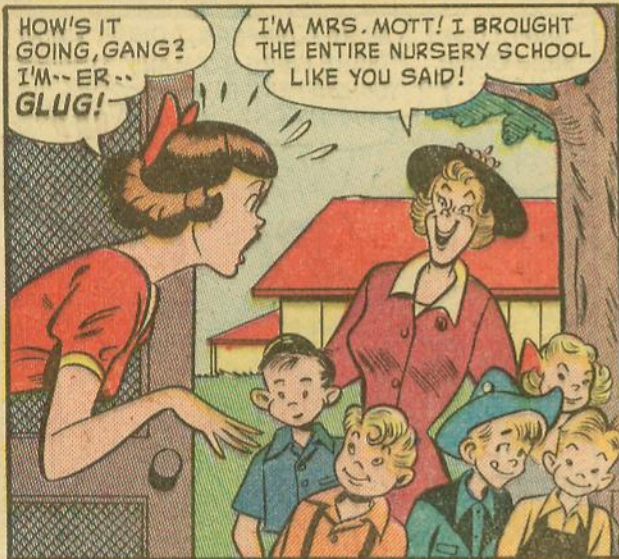
RINGG!

THE PHONE WOULD RING NOW, JUST WHEN I'M IN A HURRY TO USE IT! I'M COMING!

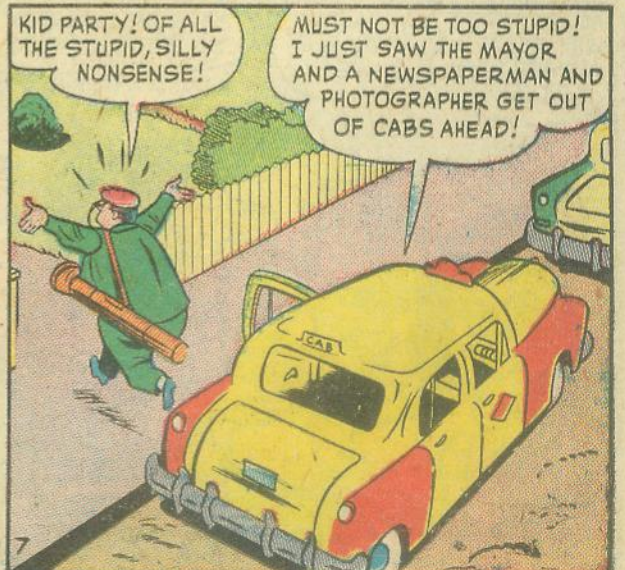
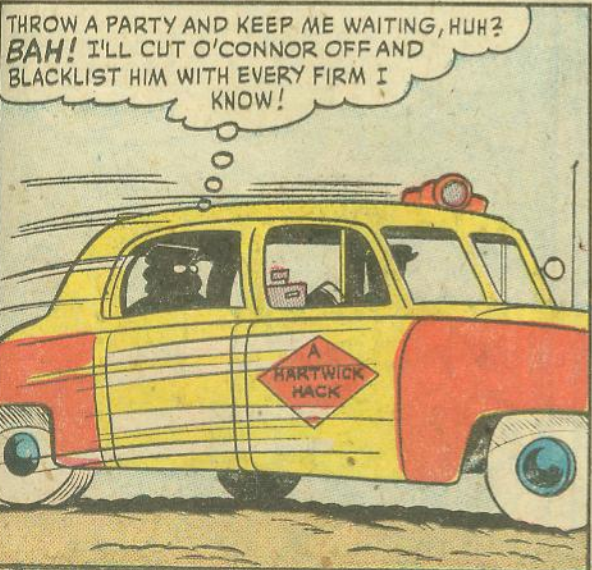




CANDY









MR. O'CONNOR, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER, CANDY, FOR BEING SUCH WORTHY CITIZENS! IT'S THE FINEST THING EVER DONE IN HARTWICK!

THANK YOU, MAYOR!

WELL, I'LL BE...

BRINGING THESE CHILDREN HERE AND HAVING THE TEEN-AGERS ATTEND TO THEIR WANTS... IT'S A FINE SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD! IF MORE...

A PHILANTHROPIST, HUH? I HAD NO IDEA!

AND IT SHOULD BE AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS...

GOOD! HOLD IT!

GLAD TO! HEH! HEH!

NOW YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER!

WHAT A STORY! IT'LL MAKE THE FRONT PAGE OF THE HARTWICK HERALD!

THANKS FOR ALL THIS, CORNELIA! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT MYSELF!

HMMPH! SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE LUCK THAN SENSE!

MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO LUCKY!

CANDY, YOU SLAY ME!

HA, HA, HA! LEAVING SO SOON, CORNY?

DADDY, I'M SORRY BUT THE TABLE'S STRIPPED AGAIN! WE'RE OUT! WHAT'LL WE DO?

DO? REPLENISH! HONEY, THIS PARTY IS A SUCCESS AND WE CAN'T QUIT NOW!



CANDY





# DIZZY IDEA

MISS DESDEMONA BATES (Dizzy, to her friends) sat in the back booth and swirled the coke in her glass as she brooded over the intolerable situation. Around her surged the noise of the Jive Joint, the gay chatter of her school-mates, the clatter of glassware, the sharp reprimand of Mr. Hodges, the proprietor, when some teen-ager got too noisy. It was all familiar and comfortable, but to Dizzy there was no comfort left in life.

"It isn't fair," she muttered angrily.

"What isn't fair, Sugar-Puss?" Slim Brady demanded, leaning over the back of her booth. "Something must be darn sour to have a cute creature like you back here in the mourner's booth, mumbling to herself and glaring at an innocent coke glass. Give, honey."

"Aw," Dizzy said fiercely, "it's that—that impossible snooty Gwendolyn Chambers. I wish she'd get carbuncles, or something."

"Me, too," Slim said, grinning. "What's she up to, now?"

Dizzy waved a hand toward a chattering group of girls up at the front of the Jive Joint. "Look at her. Here my very best girl friend, Pat, is running for school president and everybody knows she's a cinch to be elected. And what happens? Gwendolyn Chambers moves to town with her bleached hair and her sickly-sweet way and starts running against her. Ugh!"

"Don't look now," Slim said, "but they say this is a free country, honey. Practically anybody can run for president, and the suckers . . . er . . . students decide by vote which they want. It's a system that has its advantages."

Dizzy stamped her foot angrily. "Don't be so dense, dope. You know what I mean. Pat's running on an honest platform. But there is that Gwendolyn buying votes by treating all the ickies and the wooden-heads in school to free sodas. Just because her Dad has oodles of money, she figures she can buy anything. It's simply disgusting, that's what it is."

"Hmmm," Slim said thoughtfully. "I see your point, honey. She is playing fairy godmother to an awful flock of creeps up there. But I guess that's politics. There's nothing you can do."

"Oh, no! Just you wait and see, Slim Brady.

I'll figure out something and when I do, it'll blister that bleached blonde to smithereens."

"Wish you luck," Slim shrugged. "Her old man's the same way, I guess. I see by the paper he's throwing a big wing-ding for the society swells of the town tonight. He probably figures he'll get in good with the blue-bloods and take over the town like Gwendolyn figures to take over the school."

"What?" Dizzy grabbed Slim's sleeve. "Get me a copy of that paper—quick. I've got an idea how we can queer both deals with one shot. My Dad says if Gwendolyn's father gets a foot in around here, he'll grab control of business and squeeze all the nice folks out so he can jack up prices on everything. They say that's why he picked our town."

In a moment she and Slim were bent over the afternoon paper, reading the details of the anticipated ball at the Chambers home that night. Dizzy raised her head, narrow-eyed. Up at the front of the shop, Gwendolyn was beaming at her giggling guests as she bade them farewell. "I'll leave plenty of money with the boy," she was telling them loudly. "You girls order all the cokes and sodas you want. Just remember your friend, Gwendolyn Chambers, when you vote for school president tomorrow."

"Hold the fort," Dizzy said hastily. She darted from the booth and caught up with Gwendolyn outside the door but in plain sight of the girls within.

"What do you want?" Gwendolyn demanded nastily when Dizzy hailed her. "I'm in a hurry to get my hair done and pick out some new clothes for Father's party tonight. Make it snappy, child."

"Sure I'll make it snappy," Dizzy said, poisonously sweet. "I just wanted to tell you something but now I've forgotten what it was. Run along and get your hair bleached, dearie, and I do hope you have a simply sticky time tonight. Ta-ta!"

She went back inside, leaving the mystified Gwendolyn to stare after her with sharp suspicion. Dizzy smiled brightly at the huddle of girls Gwendolyn had left. They were certainly, she thought, the prize creeps in school. Every



one of them was a girl nobody cared for.

There was Mamie Hagger who giggled constantly over nothing and couldn't speak two sensible words in an evening. There was fat Sophie who hogged all the rich food in sight. There was Windy who bragged about herself noisily and constantly, and Scuffy, who never combed her hair and always looked like a mess. Altogether there were eight girls who were just about the most unpleasant company anyone could find.

Dizzy smiled at them sweetly. "Girls, guess what. You've all read about the big swell party at Gwendolyn's tonight. Well, she just asked me to invite all you girls to come. Be there promptly at eight and make yourselves right at home. Don't be shy because of all the society folks. Gwendolyn just loves to be democratic."

Amid a chorus of squeals and giggles and gasps of delight, she took Slim's limp arm and sailed out of the Jive Joint. Slim could only gape at Dizzy, open-mouthed and dazed. When he found his voice, he gasped, "Are you completely nuts, honey? Why should you help that bleached babe buy votes?"

"It's just my terribly generous nature," Dizzy told him, suppressing a titter. "Pick me up at quarter to eight tonight and we'll go watch the festivities. I have a feeling the Chambers ball tonight is going to make history."

A few minutes before eight that night Dizzy and Slim crouched side by side in the garden, watching through the french windows as the society crowd swarmed into the Chambers mansion. A haughty butler in uniform bellowed the names of each arrival and there was a constant stir of excitement as the cream of local society moved in. At one end of the big room an orchestra tuned up for dancing and caterers moved on noiseless feet, setting up tables of food and drinks for the guests.

Through it all Gwendolyn and her father moved like a king and queen, greeting the guests, beaming with hearty welcome. It was simply nauseating, Dizzy thought, the way those two fawned over the society crowd as if they really amounted to something. But when the butler suddenly appeared in the doorway in a state of intense agitation, Dizzy grabbed Slim's arm. "Now it comes," she whispered, "Watch the fireworks now."

"Announcing," shouted the butler, and paused

to swallow hard, "the Misses Mamie Hagger, Sophie Trugg, Windy Blunt . . ."

That was as far as he got. At that moment the whole squealing, shrieking crowd of girls erupted through the door behind the butler, almost knocking him down in their rush. They gaped around at the fancy furnishings and then, spying the pale and incredulous Gwendolyn, they swarmed down on her with shrieks and shouts.

"Oh, Gwendolyn darling, it was simply wonderful of you to invite us to your simply scrumptious party. Just look at the mob of stuffed shirts. We'll liven things up for you, Gwendolyn."

Sophie made a bee-line for the table and began to stuff herself. Windy cornered some helpless dowager and began to tell about her latest triumphs. Mamie giggled and tittered. The orchestra burst into tune in an effort to cover the confusion and Horsey Jones grabbed the president of the Bankers Club and dragged him onto the floor for a jitterbug dance.

Everything was wild confusion. Above it came the roaring voice of Mr. Chambers bawling, "Gwendolyn, who are these—these insufferable creatures?"

And Gwendolyn's scream answered, "The stupidest, most impossible girls in school, Father. Get them out of here before they ruin everything."

"Jenkins!" bawled Mr. Chambers at the frantic butler. "Do something. Get these—these females out of here if you have to throw them out."

"Come on," Dizzy hissed, above bursts of muffled laughter. "Let's get out of here before somebody spots us."

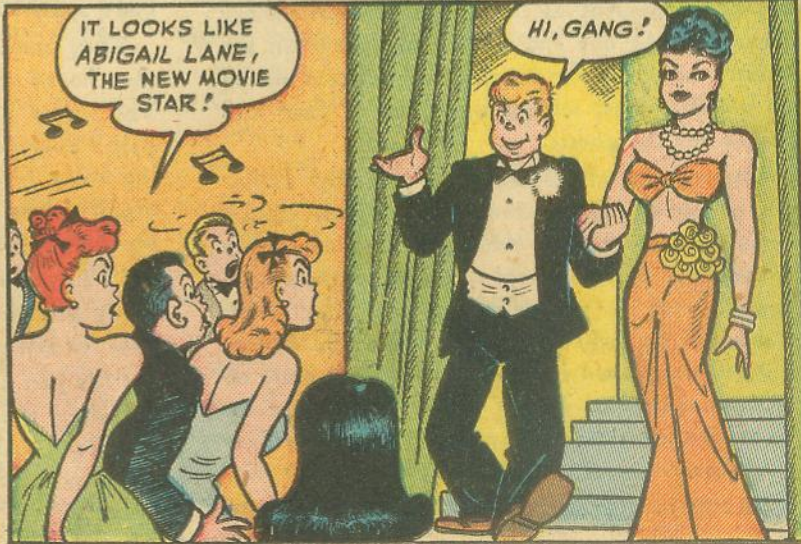
They were running down the street when they heard doors slam loudly. They looked back. The sedate president of the Bankers Club, and half a dozen friends and their wives, were stalking away from the Chambers house in outraged dignity. The big ball, it seemed, was breaking up almost before it had begun.

"I have to hand it to you," Slim said. "You really did that up brown, Dizzy. If those gals vote for Gwendolyn tomorrow, it'll be a miracle."

"It's just as well," Dizzy said primly. "I have a feeling the Chambers won't be in our town very long and we wouldn't want a school president who moved away in the middle of the year."



# CANDY JONESY





# CANDY

WHO DO YOU  
SUPPOSE WILL  
CATCH THE  
BIGGEST  
FISH?

THE GAME WARDEN!  
HE ALWAYS HAS HIS  
HOOKS OUT FOR  
SUCKERS LIKE  
ME!



HERE WE ARE ---LAKEVIEW  
LODGE, COTTAGE NUMBER  
TWO! IT'S LOVELY!

GOSH, IT'S SURE SWELL  
OF YOU FOLKS TO BRING  
ME WITH YOU ON THIS  
OUTING!

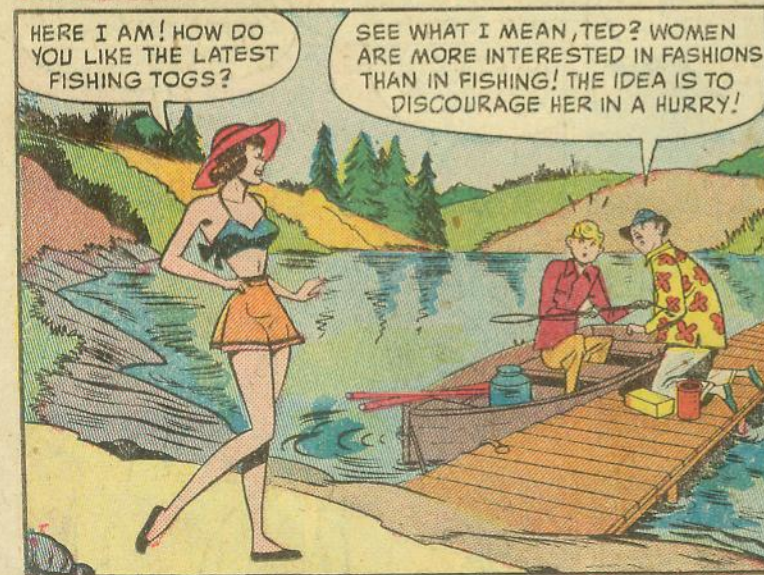
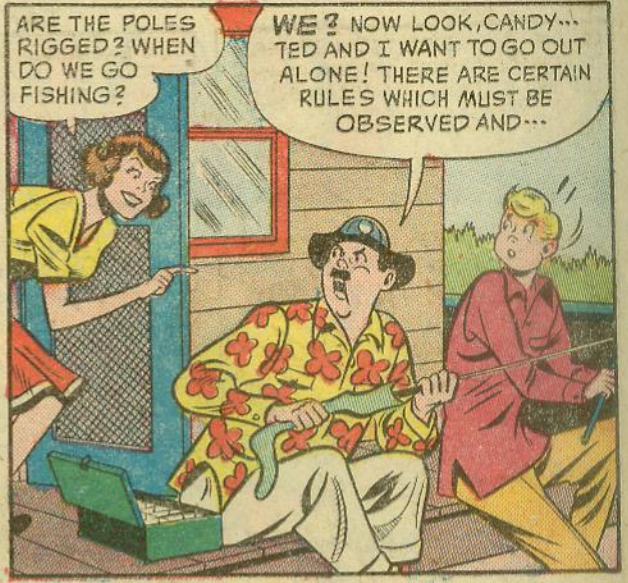


TED, TO TELL YOU THE  
TRUTH, I WANTED A  
MAN ALONG ---  
SOMEONE TO  
GO FISHING  
WITH ME!

I HEARD YOU, DADDY!  
ARE YOU INSINUATING  
THAT ONLY MEN  
CAN FISH?

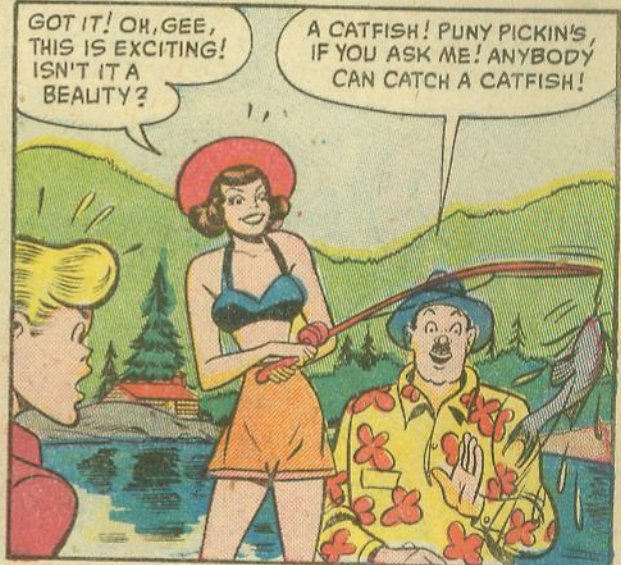






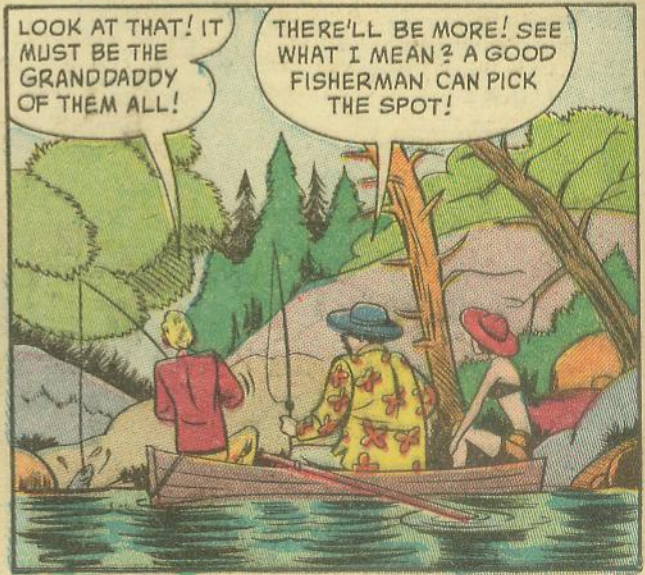
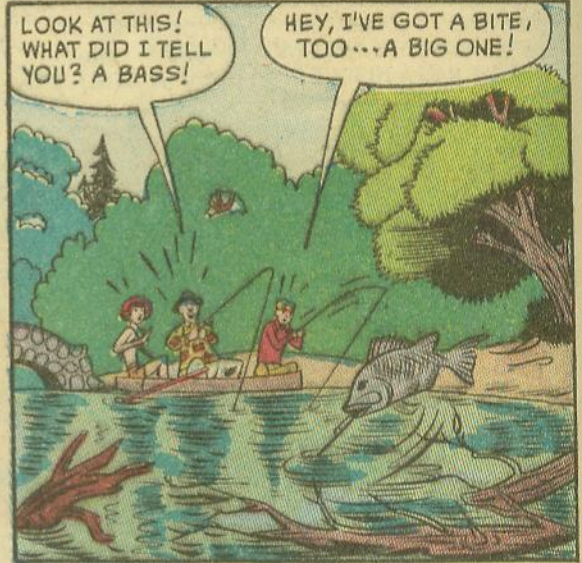


CANDY



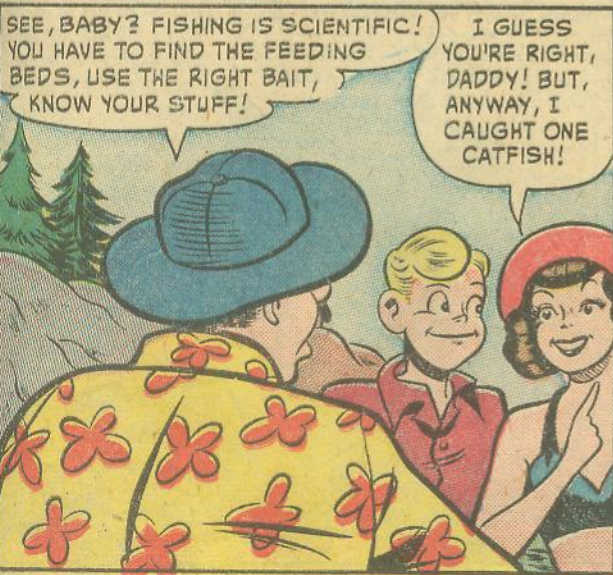
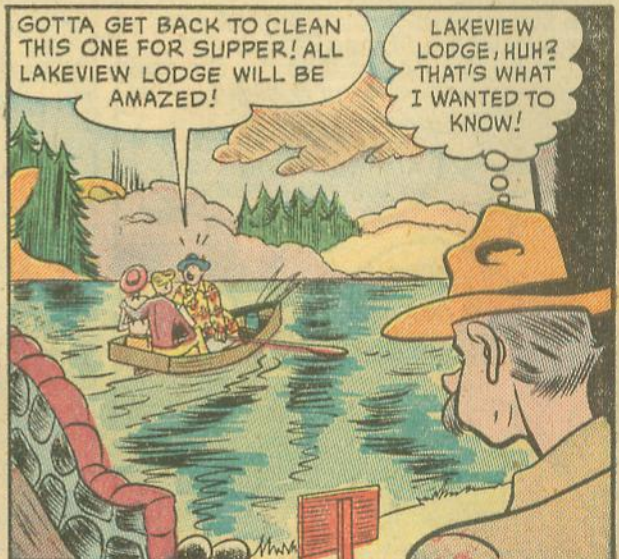


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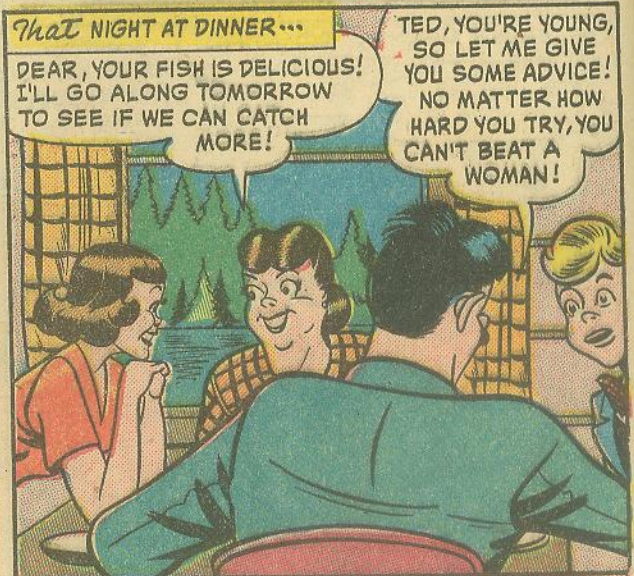
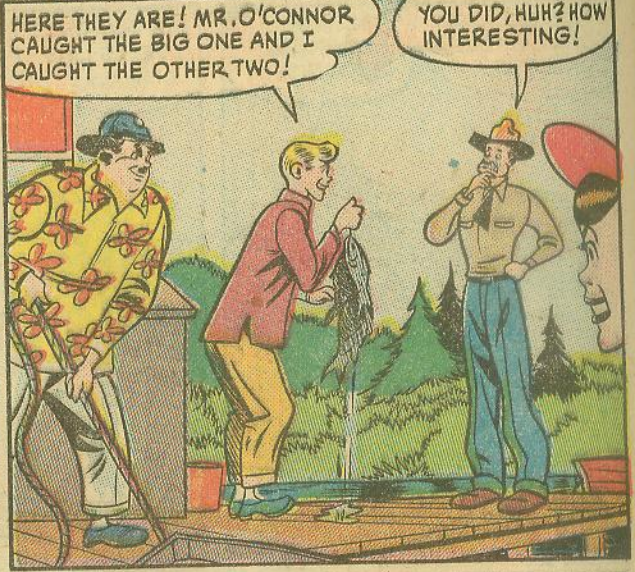
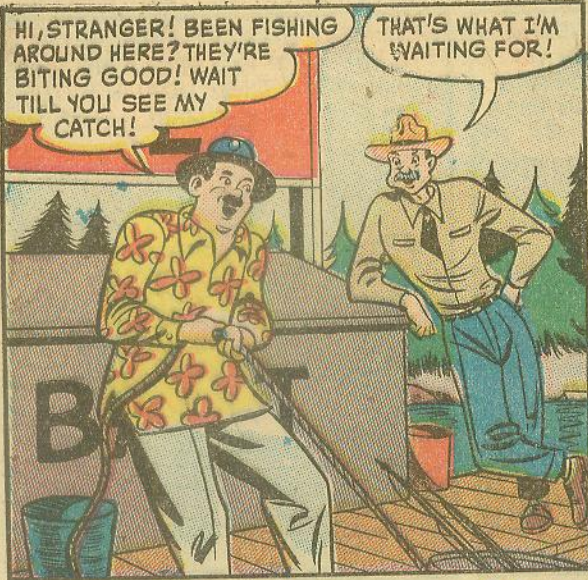




CANDY









# CANDY



GOLLY, TRISH...NEXT WEEK SUMMER VACATION WILL BE OVER AND WE GO BACK TO GOOD OLD HARTWICK HIGH!

SIGH! I KNOW! VACATIONS ARE ALWAYS TOO GOOD TO LAST!

TRISH! I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA! WHY NOT FINISH THIS VACATION WITH A SUPER PARTY... SOMETHING REAL DIFFERENT! LET'S SEE...WHAT COULD IT BE?

I KNOW! LET'S GIVE A GARDEN PARTY LIKE THAT SOCIETY GAL, SANDRA VAN BROCK'S! HERE, I EVEN SAVED THE NEWSPAPER REPORT OF IT...IT TELLS EVERYTHING THEY SERVED AND WHAT THEY WORE AND...





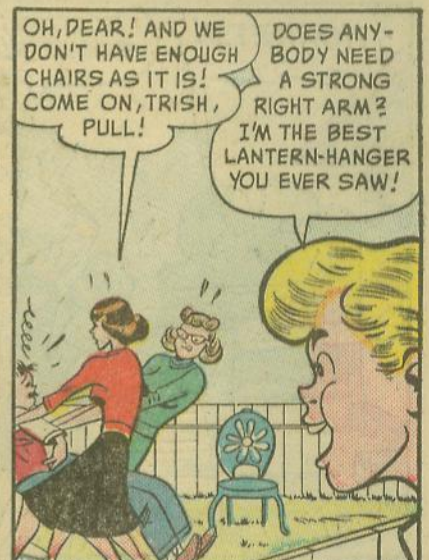


at CANDY'S HOUSE...

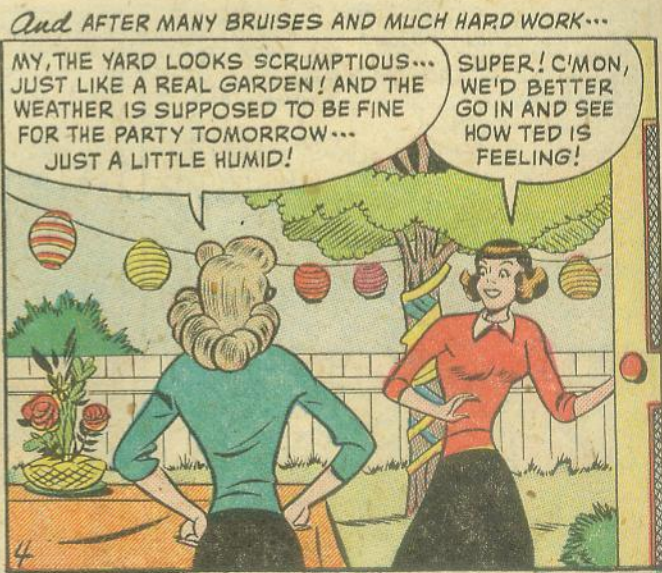
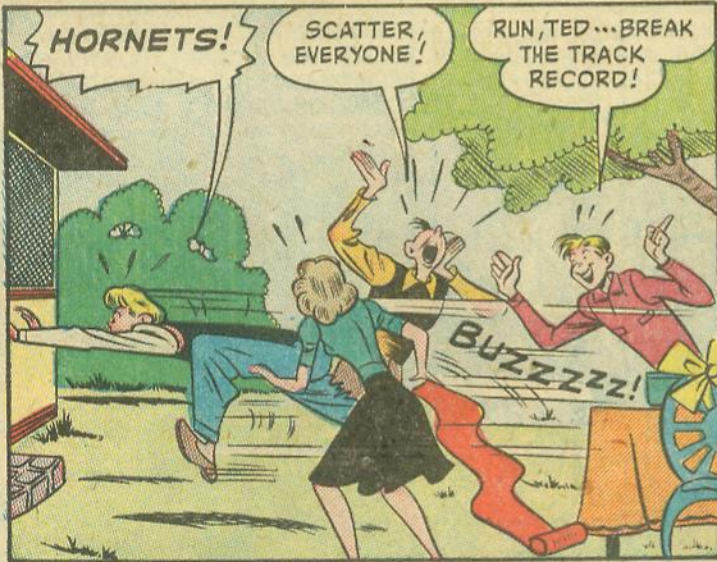




CANDY









CANDY

IN THE O'CONNOR LIVING ROOM...

TED, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY JIVE RECORDS?

I'M ARRANGING THEM FOR THE PARTY TOMORROW! SINCE IT'S A GARDEN PARTY, I THOUGHT THE GANG WOULD WANT TO DIG SOME HOT NOTES!



BUT...WE'RE NOT GOING TO DANCE AT THE PARTY! WE'RE GOING TO SIT AROUND, DRINK PUNCH AND TALK... JUST LIKE THEY DID AT SANDRA VAN BROCK'S PARTY!

NOT DANCE? THIS IS GOING TO BE SOME SQUARE SHINDIG!



BUT, TED, WE **CAN'T** DANCE! ALL THE GIRLS ARE WEARING LONG DRESSES AND BIG HATS... AND WE'D GET ALL TANGLED UP IF WE TRIED TO JITTERBUG!



WELL, YOU BETTER LEAVE THE PLATTERS THERE JUST IN CASE THE PARTY HAS TO COME INSIDE! WHAT'S THE WEATHER REPORT?

THE WEATHER WILL BE FINE, SO YOU JUST BETTER SHOW UP...AND WEAR A TIE!



THE DAY OF THE PARTY...

GOSH, TRISH, ISN'T THIS FUN? WE'D BETTER HURRY... THERE'S LOTS OF STUFF LEFT TO MAKE, AND WE STILL HAVE TO GET DRESSED!

AND HOW! LET'S SEE...AT SANDRA VAN BROCK'S PARTY THEY SERVED TINY SQUABS UNDER GLASS! DO WE HAVE ANY AROUND?



UH...DON'T THINK SO! BUT THERE'S A CAN OF ANCHOVIES! WE CAN MAKE SANDWICHES OUT OF THEM!

HEAVENS ABOVE! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING TO MY KITCHEN?



WHY, MOM! WE'RE PREPARING FOOD FOR THE PARTY... OH, JEEPERS!

WHAT'S BURNING?





CANDY





CANDY





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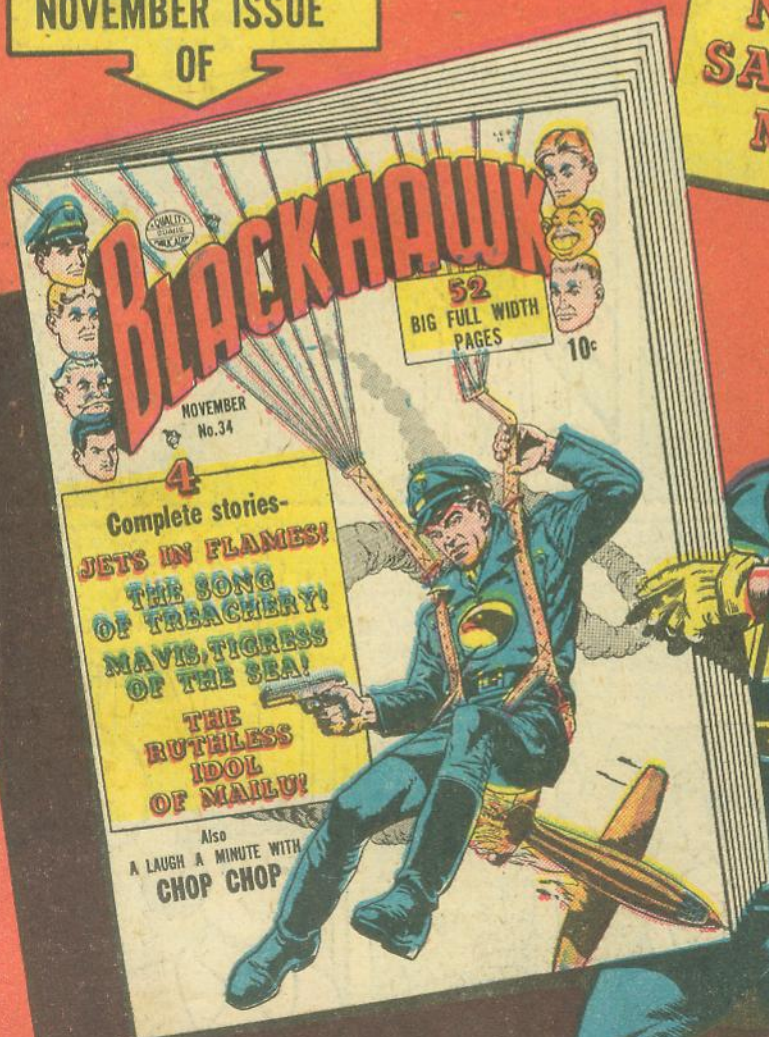
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OUT OF IT!

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HIT!

SMACK! RIGHT  
TO THE SWITCH MAZE.  
WATCH THE LIGHTS!

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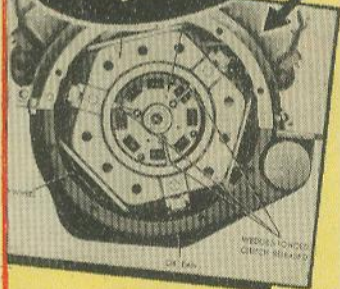
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